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——The Fair commands the song!

COWPER.

The causes which most generally produce, the rise of nations, and their correspondent fall,- changes of manners, and alterations in temper, are various in their nature, and uncertain in their effects.. The edge of the sword has in vain been used, to reform

the manners of the rude, and tame the barbarity of the Savage - the hand of the invader, could oppress, but it could not enlighten, could exterminate, but could not refine.. The reasons of the rich of one, would operate entirely contrary in another;- accuracy cannot be found, and fallacy marks the whole.-

We look for stability in vain, and disappointment crowns our toils, till, looking up to religion for our aid, we see its effects, perceive its power, and acknowledge the universality of its influence.. Like the fabled wand of the magician whatever it touches, it alters,

wherever it travels, it commands.. Obstinacy bows before its approach, incredulity pauses as it speaks, and infidelity trembles at its power.. The ferocious and the tame, the wild and the civilized, crouch before the tenor of its march, and own the reality of its existence.-

The present times, are, happily for us, peculiarly favorable to the confirmation of this remark.. The gospel of salvation has spread thro' every distant corner of the globe;- its truths have controlled the barbarous, and its precepts enlightened the ignorant. Its success has been rapid. its power undisputed,- it

has operated in defiance of hos-
tility, and prevailed in spite
of opposition.

The influence of the
Christian religion cannot be more
fully demonstrated, than by
referring to the change which it
has produced in the female
character and condition. It has
raised that part of the human
race from the depths of misery,
clothed them in a new ap-
parel, and presented them in
the light in which only they
should be viewed,- rescued
them from the grasp of the
tyrant, and broken the fetters
of their bondage.- They now
command that admiration which

is due to their merit, and that
honor which is worthy of their rank.
- They enliven in the hour of
affliction, cherish in the season
of adversity, cheer with the ar-
dor of their affection, and warm
with the glow of their genius.

In the days of ancient
barbarity, the fairest portion of
the human race, were enslav-
ed under the arbitrary gov-
ernment of those whom they
could not respect, and nature
forbad them to love. - They lived
as if born for submission,
doomed to the power of others,
and incapable of impulses of
their own. They toiled in involu-
ntary labor, worked without
recompense, and sighed without

commiseration.- They lived but for others,- themselves, formed no part of their consideration, and commanded no portion of their attention.-

That this was not the condition for which they were created, is evident from reason and scripture.- Our first Mother was created in the bowers of Paradise, as a partner with man in the joys of his blissful state;- with him she walked, in all the bloom of innocence, and all the loveliness of beauty.- With him she admired, she wandered, and she worshipped.- The joy

of both was equal, for it was perfect.-

'Tis true, that by an action, which ages have remembered, and a compliance, which preceded her fall, she yielded to the blandishments of him, who only endeavored to destroy. But, in common with Adam, she has shared in the miseries that have followed, and participated in the fears which have ensued. She is equally mournful for the past, and equally uncertain of the future;- with man the victim of mistake, and with him the slave of error.

If then she is a partaker of the sorrows, why not be a sharer in the happiness of the world? why not feel, some consolation for crime, and some palliation for guilt? why labor down the stream of fate, with naught to cheer, to console, to animate, below to exhilarate in the dreariness of life, and encourage in the vicissitudes of time?

The gospel, by the mildness of its precepts, the benevolence of its maxims, and the purity of its character, has, in a great measure, dispelled the

cloud of error, which once so completely enshrouded the moral world.. It has taught man to make piety the object of his reverence, and knowledge the theme of his delight.. It has torn asunder the petty differences, which would divide man from his fellow, and make distinctions where none can be found.. It has considered all in one equal point of view;- as the creatures of reason, as the victims of frailty, as prone to the pursuit of evil, and averse to the attainment of good.

As this is the case, we

are to be guided in our conduct to others, alone by the standard of rectitude.. This is to be our governing principle, this the director of our actions. Vice, in whatever shape it may be found, and folly, in whatever garb it may be covered, should elicit command our hatred, and meet with our disgust..

Since woman, therefore, appears to be equally endowed with man, equally gifted with strength of talent, fitness for action, capacity for receiving, and retain

ary for retaining, why should she not meet with equal privileges, and participate in equal pleasures? Religion has shattered every link in the chain, that would confine her to a more degraded sphere.- She tells us, that wherever virtue shines, she should be placed. And where does she find so pure, so untainted, so unspotted, an abode, as within the female breast.?

The female part of the human race, have no reason to hang down their heads in shame, or blush before

the pretended superiority of man among them, we have seen the majestic rulers of empires, and the powerful directresses of the people. Philosophy has found advocates in their writings, and religion defence in their precepts. They have been conspicuous for domestic tenderness, for public vigor, for variety of learning, and dignity of demeanor. They have shewn, that, while liberty flourished, and christianity maintained its prerogative, they could shine in all that

distinguishes and adorns, all that adds lustre to the name, and brightness to the character.- The halo of glory, which encircles them with its blaze, man must all with reverence, and acknowledge, that to them belongs the light of reason, and the ornament of virtue.- If it is the province of man to labor, it is woman's to administer when the toil is over,- to spread a charm over the morning of existence, and a silvery lustre on the twilight of life.

The bowers of Eden were solitary till she appeared; she dispelled the gloom, and gladness arose, - for "Man, the hermit, sighed - till Woman smiled!"

Q.

The following lines are not inapplicable to the subject of the present essay, and we therefore insert them as an accompaniment to what has been already said, & as it were to add to this slight literary repast with which we have presented our readers.

ODE TO WOMAN.

Mid the billow's wild commotion
Where is turn'd the sailor's eye?
To the star that lights the ocean
Sparkling in the gloomy sky.

So, when howl the storms of sorrow
Darkly on the anxious mind,
When the visions of tomorrow
Can no tie of beauty bind;
When in dreary desolation
Every hope & dream expires,
Universal devastation
Whelming joy's ecstatic fires;
Man, the weary pilgrim turning
To thy mild & beauteous star,
Sees thy radiance, woman! burning
On the wild & awful war;
Where the loudest waves are roaring
There it sheds a blessed ray,
Beams of light and lustre pouring,
Beams of clear & cloudless day.
Thou canst soothe in hour of sadness,
When pale anguish wrings the brow;
Thou canst bloom in bowers of gladness
Where the streams of rapture flow.
On the wild & troubled ocean,
Thou canst shine like seraph bright;
Or when joy's entranc'd emotion
Fills the pulse with strange delight.
In thine eye of lustre beaming
Blest devotion lingers fair,
With the soul of rapture gleaming—
Rapture caught & hallowed there.

From the dust of sorrow rising
Heaven receive thee to its breast!
Hark! in strains each heart surprising
Woman swells the chorus blest!
Given on earth to hold dominion
O'er each fibre of the heart,
Lo! she waves her lofty pinion!
Mark her spirit's bright depart!
Woman! yes, when all-forsaken,
In the night of sorrow's gloom,
Thou each gentle tone shalt waken,
Thou the darkness shalt illume.
True to nature's feeling turning
Shall the bosom cease to sigh;
Joy shall still the throb of mourning,
Woman smile in extacy!

E.